A

Congratulatory POEM

TO

Sir John Moor, Knight,

Lord Mayor Elect of *London*.

NO ſooner doth the aged *Phenix* dye,
But kind indulging *Nature* gives *Supply*;
Sick of her *ſolitude*, ſhe firſt retires,
And on her *Spicy Death-bed* then expires:
Thus unconcern'd, Sir *Patience* now declines
The *Sword*, and all his Dignities reſigns;
Next under *God* and *Royal Charles*, 'twas He
Defended perſecuted *Liberty*.
When the fierce fury of the *Romiſh Flood*
Broke out beyond it's limits, He withſtood
The threatning *Deluge* of the angry *Main*,
And *forc'd* its beating Billows *back* again;
His circumſpection ſeaſonably reads
The dark Intrigues of vain projecting heads:
He cou'd all *foreign Maladies* reſent,
And equally *Inteſtine Broils* prevent.
But now, as dying *Parents* firſt commend
Their *Iſſue* to th' *tuition* of a Friend,
And then, as if their chiefeſt care was paſt,
Pleas'd with the Settlement, they breathe their laſt:
So he perceiving buſie *Date* appear,
That with a *Period* will cloſe his year,
Contentedly reſigns his dying Claim,
To the *Succeſſour* of his *Charge* and *Fame*;
One whoſe wiſe Conduct knows how to diſpence
Rigour to Guilt, and help to Innocence.
Here we the City's wiſe Reſults may ſcan,
Their very choice is *Metropolitan*;
So Univerſal their Elections are,
That *England* in the happineſs doth ſhare.

*EBGS. Anon. 681 c 3

On then great *Magiſtrate*, and, like the *Sun*,
Set with the ſplendid Glory you *begun*,
Diſperſe ſuch hovering *Clouds* as wou'd benight,
And *Interpoſe* themſelves 'twixt us and *light*;
You boldly dare your noble Truſt atteſt,
Without a baſe perſwading Intereſt.
When pleaſing *Flattery* puts on her Charms,
To take with gentle *Arts* and ſoft *Alarms*,
Fixt with a gallant Reſolution, you
Uncaſe the *Hypocrite*, and bids adieu.
In this confus'd and ill digeſted State,
Where *Plots* new Plots, to *counterplot*, create,
Truſting to Reaſons Conduct as your Guide,
You'l leave the threatning *Gulphs* on either *ſide*;
And then erect ſuch *Marks*, as may appear,
To caution others from a *Shipwrack* there.
'Tis now reſolv'd, the *Romaniſts* ſhall ſee
The mean Effects of all their Policy;
The Puritans will but expect in vain,
Their *Pious Frauds* will gull the Land again:
You, like a great *Columbus*, will find out
The hidden *Worlds* of deep *Intrigues* and Doubt,
Whilſt to your new *Diſcoveries* we give
Our thanks, ſuch worthleſs Preſents as we have.
England no more of Jealouſies ſhall know,
But *Halcyon* Peace ſhall *build*, and Plenty flow,
And the proud *Thames*, ſwell'd high, no more complains,
But ſmilingly looks on the peaceful Plains;
No angry *Tempeſt* then ſhall curle her Brow,
Glad to behold revived *Commerce* grow,
Whilſt emulous of your Example, We
Strive who ſhall moſt expreſs their Loyalty:
No Factions ſhall us from our *ſelves* divide,
More than the Sea, from all the *World* beſide,
But link'd together in one *Chain* of Love,
And with one *Spring* unanimous we'll move;
That, to our Foes regret, it may be ſaid,
We are again *One Body* and *One Head*.

FINIS.

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Jo: Gordon

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